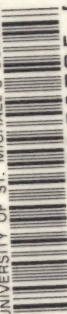


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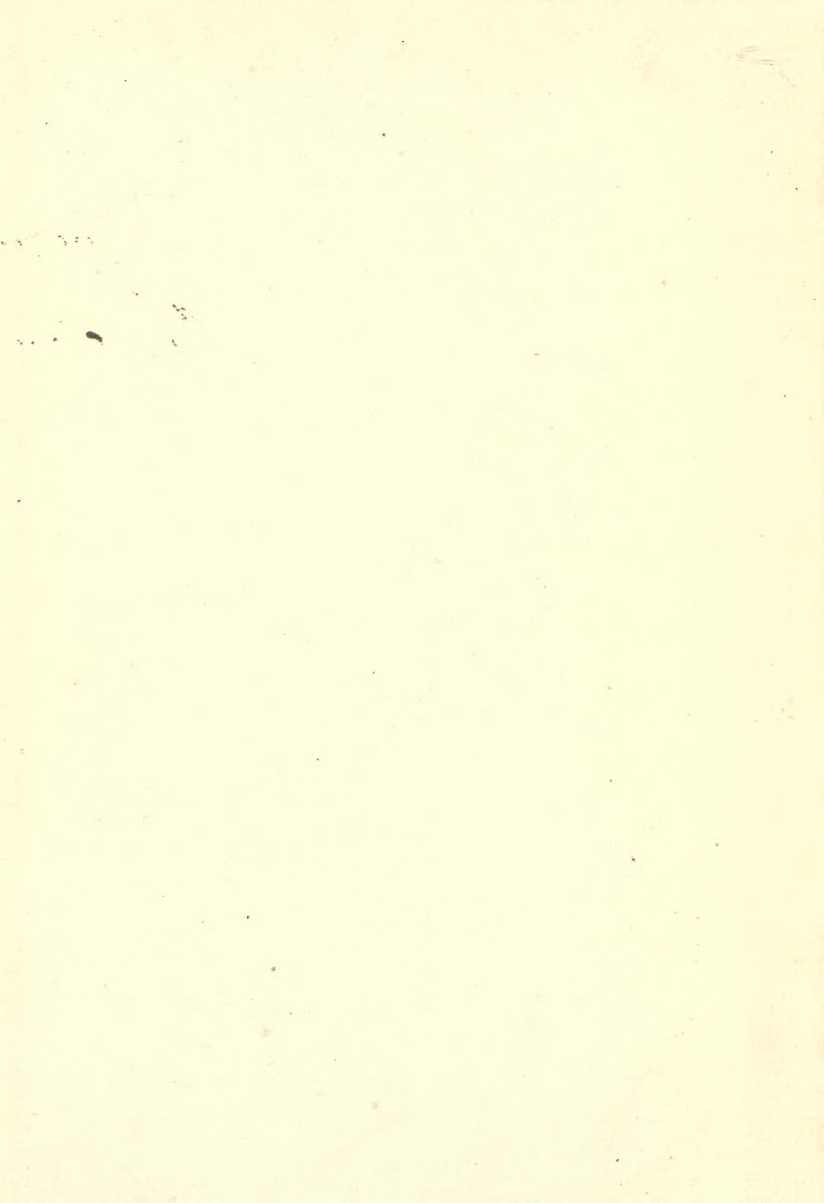
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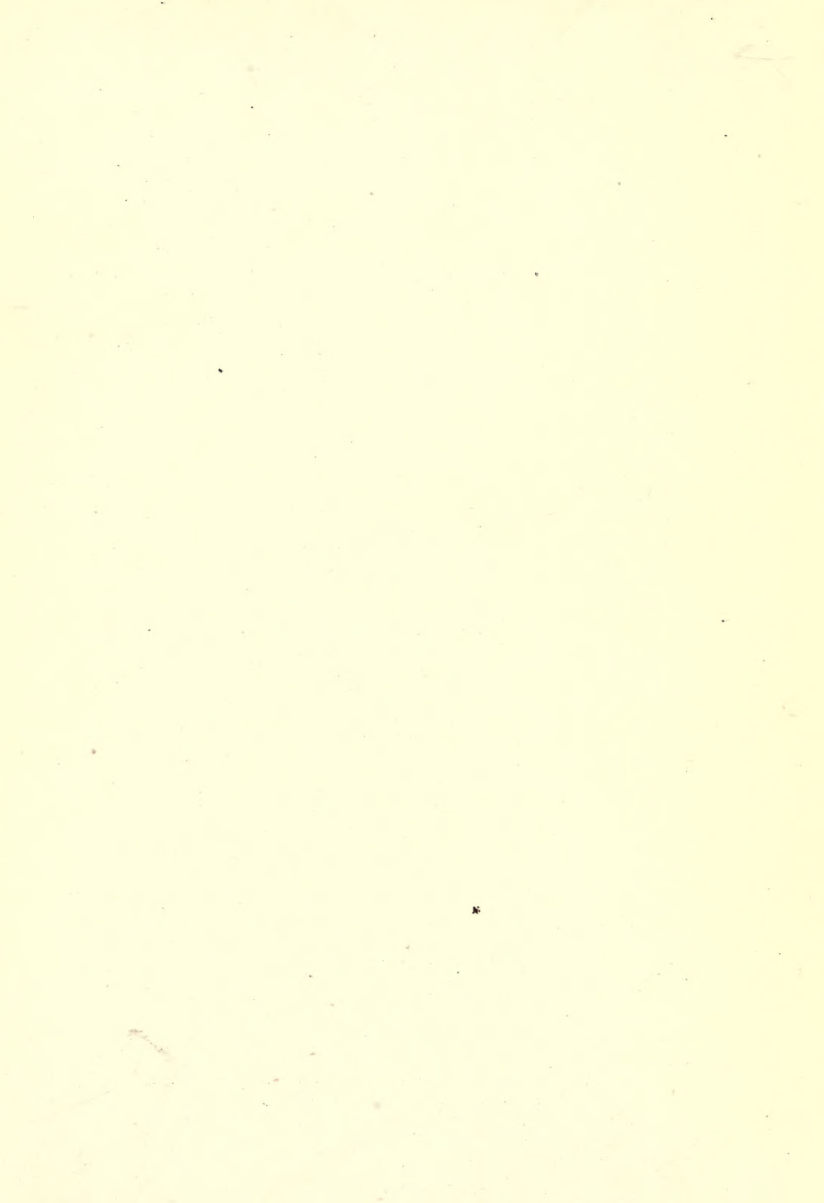


Mary E. Vaughan



425 Warren Avenue
Chicago









REV. THEO. J. VAN DEN BROEK

The Lakeside Series of English Readings

The Story of
Father Van den Broek, O. P.

A Study of Holland and the Story of
the Early Settlement of Wisconsin



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1907

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TO THE
RT. REV. JOSEPH J. FOX, D. D.
FIRST BISHOP, BORN, REARED, AND CONSECRATED
IN GREEN BAY,
A DESCENDANT OF ONE OF THE HONORABLE
PIONEERS OF WISCONSIN,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

To perpetuate the memory and life long labors of a great and noble man is the object of this little work. That Father Van den Broek's name should not be lost in oblivion, nor he, like Moses, lie buried in an unknown grave, we think no apology is necessary for presenting his biography to the public.

The story of Father Van den Broek relates to the early missionary work of the pioneer priests of the Central West among the Indians and first settlers in the Ohio Valley, and the story of the settlement and growth of the Catholic church in the Fox River Valley. It would seem from the ethical and religious points of view that if pupils could only learn thoroughly that these early missionaries were men of broad culture and liberal views, of most refined character and of thorough education it would be well worth while to have them study such a book as this.

It will be noted that the early missionaries were not always men only of zeal and of no social position. Such men as Father Van den Broek, Father Gallitzin and hundreds of others, were men of large means for their time, hence their sacrifice of wealth, civilization, and home is surely worth our consideration.

M. A.

MARCH 19, 1907.

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I

THEODORE J. VAN DEN BROEK

A lover of nature will find in Wisconsin—the Badger State—every beautiful scene that could gladden the eye, or that heart could desire. Take a trip on the North-Western R. R. from the extreme southern boundary to Marinette and the endless shifting scenes of natural beauty never grow wearisome. We behold stretches of woodland rich in the gorgeous tints of summer, undulating prairies and uplands gleaming with stubble, hills that well deserve the name of mounds, velvety emerald meadows; and up along the Fox River valley the wonderfully grand traces of the Glacial period.

The writer has in mind a drive in an open carriage, one summer evening in August, from Kaukauna to Little Chute. The day had been extremely 'sultry, but as the sun approached the western horizon a gentle, grateful breeze sprang up, which was intensified by the brisk trot of the horse over a delightfully undulating road. The distance was only two miles, but the drive left memories never to be forgotten. When about half way we saw the church, then the village expanded before our view.

Little Chute, a post village of Outagamie County, lies on the Fox River. It numbers about fourteen hundred souls, all descendants of Hollanders who

settled there in 1848. Although over half a century has passed since their occupation of Little Chute they still possess all the characteristics of the Dutch:—Clean to severity, and to the land of their adoption, a loyalty second to none. A sturdy, frugal, God-fearing and law abiding people.

The cynosure of the village is the beautiful church which has been enlarged and frescoed by the present zealous pastor, Rev. Theodore J. Knegtel. It has, also, beautifully stained glass windows, a chime of bells, and a striking clock tower, making it one of the finest churches in the diocese of Green Bay.

The church is a treasure to the pious congregation, not on account of its beauty alone, but on account of a still greater treasure reposing within its richly decorated walls—the sainted remains of a worthy son of St. Dominic, Rev. Theodore John Van den Broek, O. P., who founded the parish in 1833—at which time it was composed mostly of Indians.

God's flowers bloom in every soil and in every clime. There are many who flourish in the luxury of God's love from childhood to the grave without apparent let or hindrance; there are others again, who have to struggle for conquest against the machinations of the Evil One amid boulders of trouble that would crush the hearts of many, less courageous, nevertheless they conquer and die heroes and saints. At the last day we shall be astonished to find how many of God's hidden saints had lived amongst us unknown and unappreciated. The Searcher of all hearts.



THE CHURCH AT LITTLE CHUTE

alone, knew the depths of love that dwelt in theirs, and the eager, hungry longing, that consumed them with a desire to be at rest with Christ. That rugged sturdy Wisconsin should have had its saints need not surprise us. The descendants of the pioneers, who built the first log churches, can tell how their parents thought nothing of walking seven, eight, or ten miles to church and the same distance back without having broken their fast. Many of these, too, were born in luxury.

The hero of this story vouches for the truth of these statements in his Note Book. With a simple child-like candor he admits of hardships and privations that would appall the hearts of the bravest. Those who now worship God in the beautifully frescoed church with a spire reaching to a height of 175 feet, do not forget that the primitive house of worship in Little Chute, was a wigwam fifteen feet long and six feet high. As a fitting introduction to the life of Rev. Father Van den Broek we quote a narrative of the Hon. George W. Lawe:

"I was born at Green Bay, in the year 1810, and, probably, am the oldest living native of Wisconsin. I can well remember when the British troops under Col. Robert Dickinson arrived. The colonel made my father's house his headquarters. I also remember all the remarkable events that occurred since then. My father, Judge John Lawe, was an Englishman, and for several years was engaged with his uncle, Jacob Franks, in the fur trade. From 1820 to 1846 he was

the agent for the American Fur Company, at Green Bay.

"In 1832 I returned from Lowville, New York, where I had attended school for four years. It was my father's wish that I should assist him in his business, consequently, I was continually travelling up and down the Fox river trading with the Indians.

"In 1828 there was quite a village here. The Stockbridge and Munsee Indians were on the south side of the river; they were well skilled in agriculture and raised a great quantity of corn, potatoes, and grain. In 1832 a contract was made with the Chippewa and Pottawattomie Indians by Col. Owen at Chicago. The first payment on this contract was to be made in the fall of 1834 in Chicago. Then a quantity of goods was intrusted to me to sell to these Indians.

"In September of this year, 1834, I started in company with Jacob J. Porlier and a Kentuckian, Moses Hardwick by name, on horseback from Green Bay to Chicago, where our merchandise was to arrive from Mackinaw. On the fifth day, we came to a place near Waukesha, where a number of Indians were holding festivities. An old chief came to me just as I sprang from my horse and asked:

"'Are you not a son of John Lawe?'

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'Well,' said he, turning to an old squaw, 'clean out this wigwam, for these young men are not used

to such dirt.' Then to another he said: 'Attend to their horses.'

"After the wigwam was cleared, the chief came saying: 'You must partake of our feast, and as you will see, we shall give you three courses like the white people do.' And sure enough a squaw brought in three pans containing bear, deer, and dog meat.

"'I will eat some of the venison,' said I, 'but I have no appetite for dog meat.'

"The old Chief laughed, and replied; 'Young man, the dog meat is sweet and delicious.'

"The next morning we continued our journey to Chicago, which we reached on the eighth day after leaving Green Bay. I remained a whole month in Chicago and did good business there. I think I brought back with me about five thousand dollars. I was almost tempted to invest some of it in land on Dearborn street. Colonel Beaubien offered me a corner lot for one hundred dollars. The Tribune building now stands on this corner. Three years later that same corner was sold for eight thousand dollars.

"In the year 1836, at the cedars, opposite where Kimberly now is, an agreement was made with the Indians, whereby land extending from Fond du Lac to Portage on the Wisconsin river was purchased; also the land lying within the boundaries of Brown, Oconto, and Winnebago counties. Governor Dodge was the land commissioner. There were at least four thousand Indians present; among them the Menominees, Chippewas, and Winnebagoes.

"In 1839 I moved with my family from Green Bay to Kaukauna. I found living here with their families: Charles A. Grignon and his brother Alexander, who traded produce with the Indians for hides; also Mr. St. Louis and his family, Joseph Lamure, Paul A. Beaubien, and some Germans whose names I do not remember. Mr. Beaubien had a new saw and grist mill on the south side of the Fox river, and this was very convenient for the settlers.

"At that time transportation was carried on by boats manned by ten or twelve men, who propelled them along the river by long poles. John Johnson was the first to build a house or hut where the flourishing city of Appleton now stands.

"In the year 1843, when I was Indian agent under President W. Harrison, I moved the Indians from Little Chute to Lake Poygan, and in 1850 they were moved again by Colonel Ewing and myself to the Keshena Reservation, their present home in Shawano County.

"About the year 1847, Rev. Father Van den Broek, Catholic Missionary at Little Chute, went to Holland to visit his relatives and friends. When he returned, he brought with him a great many Hollanders, who have prospered so well, that they own almost every inch of ground in Little Chute. The Hollanders have made great improvements here; the old settlers can well remember how wild the region was, with its tamarack swamps and morasses, and now the land is as fine as the best in the state.

"When I came here more than fifty years ago, I found a wilderness in the true sense of the word. There were no roads and it was impossible to travel unless along the so-called Indian trails or footpaths, or by water on the river. Green Bay was the place where we used to get most of our provisions, and I wanted a road opened to Green Bay. I went to Mr. Wright, the founder of Wrightstown, who lived about five miles from here, to consult with him. We were great friends. I asked him to have a ferry boat made so that we could bring wagons over the river, and thereby reach the military road running from Green Bay to Fond du Lac. Mr. Wright promised to fulfill my wish, if I would see that a road was made from Kaukauna to his place. I was very much pleased with my success so far, and hoped soon to have a wagon road to Green Bay. The following day I visited my neighbor in order to consult him about the project, expecting to get help from him; to my great astonishment I found him very much opposed to such an innovation. He said: 'My father lived here for several years without a road to Green Bay, he got there very easily either on horseback or afoot, and as for me I don't need a road.' This rebuff did not make me lose courage. I resolved to take counsel with Iyomataw, head chief of the Menominee Indians at Little Chute and get help from him. He called all the young men of his tribe together and held a counsel, I spoke to them saying: That seeing they were all good Catholics and that they

had adopted the customs of the white people, I considered them citizens of the United States, and they would, probably, soon have the right to vote. Now since we as good citizens must obey the law of the country, and work two days every year on the roads, I thought they ought to do the same. I then asked



THE OLD JOHN LAWE MANSION, NOW OWNED BY
DAVID H. GRIGNON

them to help me make a road to Wrightstown, so that from there we could get to Green Bay with horses and wagon.

"The old chief Iyomataw then stood up and told the Indians that the law must be obeyed, and that this road would be of great value. Then the young braves answered: 'Yes, we'll do it.'

"The next day fifty came to help me, and two days later we had a wagon road to Wrightstown. The following week, being much elated over our first work, we made a road through the woods to Appleton. In this age of steam and electricity we can form no idea of the value of such a wagon road.

"I must relate here a little incident of the good old times. At that time a contract was to be made with the Indians, in order to secure a considerable tract of land at the Cedars (southwest from Little Chute); we had great difficulty in getting them together, not that they were opposed to it, but every morning the greatest number of them were dead drunk. This greatly displeased Governor Dodge, and George Boyd, the Indian agent. All efforts to find out where the Red Skins got the liquor were in vain, until finally one of the interpreters met a drunken Indian at the so-called Grand Chute, between Little Chute and Appleton. By coaxing and bribes this son of the woods let himself be persuaded to show the white man where the Indians obtained the whiskey. The interpreter went with him and the informer, who was still under the influence of liquor, led him to the waterfall.

"At that time there was no dam on the Fox River, but the water in many places had been thrown quite high on account of the water pushing against the steep rocky bottom in its efforts to empty itself into Green Bay. At Grand Chute were some of the greatest of these natural dams on the whole stream.

The rocky bottom rising so high and sharp that one could stand under the falling water, without even getting wet. It was under this waterfall that the liquor dealer had concealed himself with a barrel of whiskey, which he had bought at eighteen cents a gallon and sold to the Indians at a dollar a pint. Now this tapster must have made nearly four hundred dollars out of the barrel of whiskey which scarcely cost him nine dollars. We made quick work with his business, and in a short time the Indians were in a condition to lend their attention to the contract.

"The country then, was full of game and the waters teeming with fish that increased almost undisturbed. All this is changed, everything now is better for civilized man but not for an admirer of free nature."

II

FATHER VAN DEN BROEK'S NATIVE LAND

In the preceding chapter we learn from Mr. Lawe's narrative that the country round about Little Chute was a region of tamarack swamps and morasses. To another race of people this might have been an insurmountable barrier to its settlement, but to Father Van den Broek and his countrymen this obstacle was trivial. They were Hollanders and for centuries had fought the encroachments of the sea until they had become its lord and master. Swamps and inundations had no terrors for them.

Holland, the land of glorious sunsets, the land of dikes and windmills, is about one-fourth the size of Wisconsin, its greatest dimensions being 195 miles long and 110 miles broad. This country commonly called the Netherlands, which means low lands, is the lowest country in Europe, for much of it is below sea level. Its great enemy is the sea, which, day after day, year after year, dashes itself against the land only to retreat with a roar of discomfiture.

To protect their country from the pitiless North Sea, the patient Hollanders have raised great walls of earth and stone outside of the long low hills of crowded sand, called sand dunes, which the wind has heaped up along the coast. These dykes must be built high

and strong, as it is very probable that the sea may claim some day, what has been wrested from it by the industrious plodding Hollander. The West Kappel dyke for example is over twelve thousand feet long, twenty-three feet high, and thirty-nine feet thick. These dykes are made of compact earth with here and there heavy stone buttresses; some portions being subjected to great strain, are strengthened by plankings of oak and great rocks imported from abroad (for there are no rocks in Holland), and oftentimes faced with concrete.

“Holland is the creation of the Rhine. This great river whose head waters are collected in the Lake of Constance and lose themselves in the German Ocean by a thousand channels, was for centuries the highway of Western commerce and civilization. As the Rhine approaches the borders of the country now known collectively as Holland, it begins to divide its stream, and the divisions are multiplied at short intervals. The flow of its once rapid waters is now sluggish. The delta of the Rhine is an accretion from the soil which the stream has collected in its course. Napoleon Bonaparte laid claim to the territory of Holland on the ground that its surface was a deposit from the distant regions in which the earth was collected, was hurried along by the rapid river, and dropped by the sluggish water courses of the mouths of the Rhine. ‘Now,’ he argued, ‘the uplands are mine by right of conquest. The lowlands which owe their existence to the river which I

have appropriated, are mine by right of devolution.' The Conqueror's logic may well be disputed but his geology is accurate and incontestable.

"When Julius Cæsar was extending the Roman Empire over Northern Gaul and the Western tribes of the great Teutonic Race, the greater part of modern Holland was an extensive morass, covered by almost impenetrable forests. From time to time, the barrier which the river was depositing against the ocean, was invaded by furious storms, submerging the land. The river, however, was building up what the sea was occasionally destroying. The earliest instincts of the Hollanders were, therefore, directed towards the protection of the land against the encroachments of the sea. This land enclosed between the two principal arms of the Rhine, was called Batavia, and the inhabitants were called Batavians."¹

The oldest inhabitants of Holland of whom anything is known were of Celtic origin. In Cæsar's day the whole district between the Rhine and the Scheldt, was occupied by the Belgæ, the bravest of the Celts, while the Batavian insula was peopled by a part of the Germanic tribe of the Chatti. These two races were known as Flemish and Walloon. The northern part was occupied by the free Friesians. "Christian teachers formed the first strong bond to hold these different races together against the invasions of the Romans, their common foe. Ireland, early christianized by St. Patrick, was one of the

1. *Story of Holland.* Rogers.

earliest centres of light and learning in Western Europe. From the Emerald Isle, the missionaries crossed over first to the eastward, and taught among the Dutchmen in England. These Christian missionaries succeeded measurably well. In less than two centuries the Christianized Hollanders in England sent Irish and Scotch missionaries with their countryman Willibrord of Exeter to preach the gospel among their kinsmen in Friesland. Without an interpreter or needing one, Willibrord spoke to them in their own tongue. He was ably assisted by the Irish and Scotch missionaries."¹

Though Holland was in constant danger from the ocean, it was from the ocean that she derived her wealth and power, and her means for fighting in her struggle for independence. For her flag she chose, with reason, the symbolic design of a lion struggling with the waves, and for her motto "Luctor et emergo"—I struggle and I rise. Land is gained and held there with so much labor, that it is highly valued and every inch receives the utmost care. It is covered with a net work of canals used for irrigation and transportation.

Cæsar subjugated the Friesians and they remained under the sway of the Romans until the 4th Century, when they succumbed to the Franks. In the 8th century they were subjugated by Charlemagne. Charles V of Spain coming into power over the Netherlands made the country one of great impor-

1. *Brave Little Holland*. Griffis.

tance, but under his son Philip II, the Dutch began a revolt, which lasted for eighty years before the Spanish yoke was thrown off. William of Orange known as William the Silent was their deliverer. Holland was a power in Europe until 1713 when she began to decline. She was, in fact, one of the greatest powers in Europe, her ships were everywhere and carried most of the world's trade. Her power was crippled by England in the great naval war of 1652-54, and by France under Condé and Turenne in the reign of Louis XIV.

When William III became King of England, he protected Holland from France and secured the treaty of peace of Nimeguen in 1678.

During the century which intervened between the truce of 1609 and the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the Dutch occupied the most conspicuous place in Europe. They were courted by the rival powers and during the devastating wars of the seventeenth century were for a long time the centre of European commerce and finance. Amsterdam, the principal city, was considered the largest and richest in Europe, far surpassing Florence, Genoa, and Venice. The business of Europe was transacted on the Amsterdam Exchange, and the warehouses of this city, built on piles driven into the swampy soil, were stored with the products of the world. In their cities the Dutch were carrying on those manufactures of the finest fabrics for which Flanders and Italy had once been famous, and piling up the spices of the Indies, of which at that

time they possessed the monopoly. It was the principal trading and manufacturing country in the world.

"It was also the country in which agriculture was most thoroughly developed. The Dutch had not, it is true, land enough to grow grain for the maintenance of its densely peopled republic and it was only by incessant toil and watchfulness that they kept much of their land from being engulfed by the sea. As soon as an armistice began and the people had rest from war they pumped out Beemster Lake, and recovered fully eighteen thousand acres of rich meadow land, from what had been a shallow expanse of water. Their cattle were the finest in Europe, and their dairy products found a ready market in foreign countries. Their small farms flourished like gardens. They supplied all Europe with the means of gratifying the fashion, which they had set up, of ornamental and domestic agriculture. For a long time they were the exporters of all the best garden produce. They extended the cultivation of winter roots from the garden to the field, and gradually taught European nations how to preserve cattle in sound condition through the winter and to banish scurvy and leprosy by the constant supply of wholesome fresh diet. The cultivation of the turnip and the potato, with other similar roots, has made it possible that three times as many persons can live on the same tract of land, where before these discoveries were made starvation stared them in the face.

"After having carried the cultivation of winter roots and ornamental gardening to an unparalleled pitch of excellence, they devoted themselves to the improvement and discovery of the artificial grasses, thereby supplying more nutritious fodder and in-



A BIT OF HOLLAND

creasing their stock of cattle. They discovered the use of clover, red and white sanfoin, lucerne, and either improved or naturalized them."

The Dutch were also as distinguished in literature and science as they were in agriculture and manufactures. Holland was called the printing house of Europe, and in the seventeenth century published

more books than all the rest of Europe collectively. Before an Englishman had attempted printing or engraving there was a prosperous school of both these arts in Holland. The University of Leyden enjoyed great renown. This university owes its origin to the second siege of Leyden by the Spaniards which began on the 26th of May, 1574, and lasted till the 3d of October. The city endured all the horrors of famine but would not yield. William of Orange finally raised the siege by having the dykes cut and bringing a fleet of provisions to the starving inhabitants as well as flooding out the Spanish army. To commemorate this event, the city of Leyden was offered the choice of being made free from taxation or to be endowed with a university; she chose the latter. Holland was the origin of modern international law and of modern physic. It was the country from which the best mathematical, nautical, and astronomical instruments could be procured. It discovered the art of cutting and polishing diamonds and for centuries enjoyed a monopoly of this art. In fact there was no branch of learning or skill in which the Dutch did not excel.

The eighteenth century, however, was the century of Holland's decay. In 1794 the armies of France overran Belgium, and the United Provinces became the Batavian Republic, paying a large amount for a French army. In 1806 Louis Bonaparte was made King of Holland, and four years later it was added to the French Empire. On the fall of Napoleon, the

Orange family were recalled and the Kingdom of Netherlands was formed, from which Belgium seceded in 1830.

Holland has large and important possessions in the East Indies; the greater part of the Malay Archipelago being under her rule. From 1873 to 1876 an expensive war was carried on in Acheen on the Island of Sumatra. With this exception, Holland has been peaceful since the treaty with Belgium in 1839, and has made rapid strides in prosperity and wealth.

The present sovereign is Queen Wilhelmina, daughter of William III of Holland, born August 31, 1880.

Benjamin Franklin said of brave little Holland: "In love of liberty and bravery in defence of it, she has been our great example." The first salute in honor of the American flag was from the Dutch. Johannes de Graeff, at the port of St. Eustachius in the West Indies, Nov. 16, 1776, ordered the "honor shots." After the States-General had formally recognized the United States of America as a nation, the loans by the Dutch merchants of fourteen millions of dollars came when our country needed it most.

III

AMSTERDAM BIRTHPLACE OF THEODORE J. VAN DEN BROEK

The name Amsterdam or Amsteldam means the dam or dyke of the Amstel, a river which flows in a northeasterly direction through the city. Amsterdam is the largest and most important town in Holland, constitutionally its capital, although the residence of the sovereign is at The Hague. It is situated on the confluence of the Amstel with the Y, a lake-like river now mostly drained; it stands on soft wet ground under which at the depth of fifty feet is a bed of sand. Into this sand piles are driven on which the buildings are reared. This foundation is perfectly secure as long as the piles remain under water.

In the thirteenth century Amsterdam was a small fishing village, held in fief by the lords of Amstel, together with the surrounding district called Amstel-land. Towards the close of the thirteenth century it reverted to the Counts of Holland, who gave it a charter and other privileges. It was fortified in 1482, and soon rose to be the most important city of the Netherlands. The early voyages to India, and the union of the seven provinces in 1579, added greatly to its prosperity—so much so that it excited the cupidity of the earl of Leicester, who made a futile attempt

to surprise it in 1587; and its position was still further improved by the peace of Westphalia in 1648, which closed the navigation of the Scheldt, and consequently ruined the trade of Antwerp. Two years later, the Stadtholder William II attempted to surprise it but the bold attitude of the inhabitants and the prudence of the Burgermeisters Hoost and Bicker frustrated the designs of William as well as of Leicester.

Amsterdam suffered so severely in the time of Cromwell, that more than 4,000 houses stood tenantless; and the French occupation during the First Empire inflicted a more permanent injury upon the city. Since 1813, however, much of its former commercial influence has returned.

Towards the land, Amsterdam was at one time surrounded by a fosse or canal and regularly fortified, but its ramparts have been demolished and the twenty-eight bastions that formed part of the defences are now used as promenades or covered with buildings. Within the city four canals—the Prinsen Gracht, Keizers Gracht, Heeren Gracht and the Singel—extend in the form of polygonal crescents, nearly parallel to each other and to the former fosse; while numerous smaller canals intersect the city in every direction, dividing it into about 90 islands with 290 bridges. Some of these are of stone, but the majority are of iron and wood, and constructed so as to allow vessels for inland navigation to pass through.

The streets in the oldest parts of the town are narrow and irregular, but are nowhere without pavements or footways. The houses frequently present a picturesque sky-line, broken by fantastic gables, roofs, chimneys, towers, and turrets of all forms and dimensions. Westward of the Amstel which passes almost through the centre of the city, is the more modern part, where the houses are often exceedingly handsome, and the streets broad, planted with rows of large trees between the houses and the canals.

Of the public buildings, the principal is the palace, an imposing structure, built in 1648 by the architect Jacob van Kampen and with stone carvings by the celebrated artist Artus Quellinus of Antwerp. It is supported on 13659 piles, is 282 feet long, with a breadth of 235 feet, and a height of 116 feet, exclusive of a turreted cupola, which rises 66 ft. above the main building. It was originally the Stadhuis, but was appropriated as a palace by King Louis Napoleon in 1808.

The most remarkable churches are the Oude Kerk (Old Church) built about the year 1300; it has a chime of bells that plays a different tune every quarter, making ninety-six different tunes a day. It has also beautifully stained windows and a fine organ, as well as monuments to various celebrated Dutchmen, including Van Heemskerk, Sweerts, and Van der Hulsts. The Nieuwe Kerk (Katharinenkerk) the most beautiful of all, where the kings of Holland

are crowned, dating from 1408, is remarkable for the carving of its pulpit, for the elaborate bronze castings of its choir, and for the monuments of Admiral De Ruyter, the poet Vondel and many other notable personages.

In this quaint and ancient city replete with historic landmarks, Theodore John Van den Broek was born on the 5th of November, in the year 1783, on Avenue de Singel. His father was Abraham Van den Broek, his mother, Elizabeth de Meyne. Although having but two children, a son and a daughter, his father like a second Abraham, did not hesitate to consecrate his only son to the service of God. His parents were pious, God-fearing people, and although wealthy, it did not prevent them from bringing up their children in the sanctity of the Catholic religion.

If we study the history of the Catholic church at the period of Theodore's birth we shall find a church without an hierarchy, battling its way against the inveterate hatred of the Calvinists, the Jansenistic schism of Utrecht, and the adverse policy of a hostile government. In spite of all these crushing obstacles the Catholic Hollander has fought the good fight and held his own, true here, also to the motto of his country "I struggle, I rise," he has conquered at last by his patience and endurance. In 1853 on the 7th of March, Pius IX reestablished the Catholic hierarchy in Holland.

William, Prince of Orange, in 1582, proving false to promises previously given, issued an ordinance,

which was rigorously enforced, proscribing the Catholic religion. From this time Calvinism was the state religion. The Catholics were piteously oppressed, down to the present century. During the brief reign of Louis Bonaparte; who was appointed king of Holland by his brother, Emperor Napoleon, the rights of Catholics were generally respected. When Holland was incorporated with the French Empire, some measures of repression, especially against the clergy, were issued by Napoleon who was enraged by the firmness they displayed in upholding the rights and prerogatives of the Holy See.

William I (1815-1840) revived the old Calvinistic bigotry, and did all in his power to retard the growth of the Catholic Church in his Dominions. Since the secession of Belgium in 1830, however, the Church in Holland has enjoyed greater freedom. On the restoration of the hierarchy by Pope Pius, Utrecht was made an Archbishopric with four suffragan Sees at Haarlem, Hertogenbosch, Breda, and Roermund. Catholicity at present numbers about one half of the entire population. In the year 1810 only fifteen convents existed, but now the religious houses number several hundred.

These statistics show us that at the time of Father Van den Broek's birth, Catholicity being proscribed, the faithful were being tried in the crucible. How well the parents of Theodore Van den Broek stood the crucial test, may be inferred from the religious training they gave their sainted son.

Among Father Van den Broek's papers was found a little religious picture, a memorial of his mother's demise; on the reverse side is printed:

"Pray for the soul of the departed Elizabeth De Meyne, widow of the deceased Abraham Van den Broek, who died at Amsterdam, on the 4th of April, 1844, in the 82d year of her age, buried on the 9th from the English Church. She continued in prayer, and loved the place where God's glory dwelleth.

"'With great increase of the fear of God she departed in peace.' Job. XIV, 4.

"May she rest in peace."

The encomiums on the death of his mother, as printed on the picture, were evidently arranged by her son who knew her worth. They are the encomiums of a saint and she died the death of the just. While her son was celebrating Mass in the backwoods of Wisconsin on Holy Thursday, which happened to be the day of her death, at the elevation of the Sacred Host, he had a premonition that his mother was dying, and it proved only too true.

From the fact that they left their children 120,000 florins—at that time no small fortune—it is evident that the parents of Rev. Father Van den Broek must have been in very good circumstances, if not wealthy.

Father Van den Broek was in early manhood a man of prepossessing appearance, five feet ten inches in height, well built, but not fleshy, with mild hazel eyes, brown hair, fine regular features, polished in

manner, possessed of a geniality of soul born of the spirit of God within him, and a zeal for the glory of his Father's house that conquered all hearts.

Of his youth very little is known excepting that when he graduated he was master of the Greek, Latin, German, French, and Dutch languages. The Dominican Fathers were his parish priests, and admiring their edifying example he joined the Dominican Order. The Dominican records at Amsterdam show that he was at first a Franciscan, but, after having obtained the papal dispensation, was received into the Dominican Order on the 16th of June, 1817, in the church (Stadhuis) van Hoorn, by Rev. Nicolas Smits, pastor, and Prior Provincial of the Dominican Order in the Netherlands. He was ordained in 1808, evidently in Germany, as Holland, at that time had no Bishops. For some time he was assistant priest at Groningen where the Dominicans had a church.

In 1819 he was appointed pastor at Alkmaar where he remained until the 27th of May, 1830. Among the children whom he baptized there was Caspar Joseph Martin Bottemanne, who afterwards became Bishop of Haarlem. In 1830 he was appointed pastor of Tiel where he remained until June, 1832, when he obtained permission from his Provincial, Albertus van Kampen, to depart as Missionary for America. By a letter dated May 10th, 1832, he was appointed to act as novice Master to Rev. Louis de Saille, and on their arrival in America, this zealous priest who had been a parish priest for ten

years made his vows and was received into the Dominican Order.

His burning zeal for the salvation of souls led Father Van den Broek while priest at Alkmaar, notwithstanding all the cares and labors of a heavy parish, to write and publish three large volumes of "Sermons on the Sundays and Holydays of the Year." In his preface he humbly says: "I have edited these sermons not as a guide for older priests but for the encouragement of Catholics who cannot attend divine services." In these few words he shows himself the true Dominican and like St. Dominic his watchword was: "Save souls." This was the spirit of the Dominican Order—the salvation of souls—this had been his mission in Holland and this was to be his mission in America, whether among the uncivilized Indians or the emigrants who had wandered thither.

IV

FATHER VAN DEN BROEK'S MISSIONARY LABORS IN AMERICA

The missionary zeal that impelled Father Van den Broek to seek hardships in the New World for the salvation of souls was not to be diminished by difficulties or obstacles thrown in his way. He left no means untried to have others join him in the missionary field of the wide expanse of North America. At that time the dearth of priests was a sore trial to the Catholic population scattered over the country.

Father Van den Broek left Holland in 1832, and some weeks later arrived in Baltimore. From Baltimore he travelled by rail to Wheeling, from Wheeling to Cincinnati by steamboat, from Cincinnati to Louisville by steamboat, then after a ride of fifteen hours he reached his destination—St. Rose Convent, near Springfield, Kentucky—nine weeks after he left Antwerp.

At St. Rose's he prepared himself for missionary work, by studying English, and the manners and customs of the Americans; but he was soon called to Somerset, Ohio, to St. Joseph's parish, because the Germans living there had no priest who knew their language. After having remained some time at Somerset he was sent among the Indians. On the way he visited Detroit, and after a journey of four hundred

and sixty-seven miles he reached the island of Mackinac, and finally on the 4th of July, 1834, arrived at Green Bay, where he completed the priest's house begun by Father Mazzuchelli.

One of the young ladies attending the Dominican Academy, while Father Van den Broek was at Somerset, was a Miss Meade, who afterwards married Charles Grignon, one of the first white settlers around Little Chute; when she heard that Father Van den Broek was at Green Bay, knowing his zeal for the conversion of souls, she sent her husband with a delegation of Indians to invite him to come to Little Chute. He accepted the invitation and promised to do so when another priest would take his place at Green Bay.

The following valuable letter written in 1843 to a Holland newspaper will give us a glimpse of Father Van den Broek's arduous labors:

"Grand Cocalin above Green Bay, Wisconsin Territory, North America.

"Noble Sir and Friend:

"Since my departure from Holland, I heartily wished to hear from time to time, from the Godsdienstvriend, but this was impossible while in the wilderness among the unbelieving heathen. It is now thirteen years since I visited you for the last time. All this time I have been so far separated from civilized people to gain new Christians to the Faith, that all that has occurred in the Netherlands remained unknown to me.



"In the beginning my mission was a continual journeying to and fro, preaching to the Indians who are settled between Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and the Mississippi, called Menominees, Otchipwes, and Winnebagos, to convert them to the Faith. Divine Providence has so greatly blessed my work that the most of them have become good Catholics, and might serve as an example to many born in the Faith. I do not doubt but many will be pleased to hear of my work here.

"In the year 1832, July 15th, we, seven missionaries, sailed from Antwerp to Baltimore. My companions were: Rev. Father Van de Weyer, O. P., Fathers Lastre, Desseille, Deganquiver, of the diocese of Ghent, and two others, laymen. On the 15th of August we arrived in Maryland, and remained a few days in Baltimore, where we were most kindly received and hospitably entertained by Rev. Father Delnol. On the feast of St. Rose of Lima, on arriving at Cincinnati we learned the sad news of the death of Bishop Fenwick, Provincial of the Friar Preachers. While returning from his Apostolic journey through Northwestern Michigan to his Episcopal See, he was overcome by the cholera and died in a poor hut where he was accustomed to lodge. The following winter his remains were removed to Cincinnati, and buried in the Cathedral which owes its erection to him, and from which he died more than 500 miles distant.

"The Vicar General sent us to different places; I

departed for our Convent, St. Rose, in Kentucky, the others to places far distant from each other. To this day I have not seen any of my companions. Two of these priests have since died in the holy work of missionary life. In the month of October I was sent by our Provincial, De Young, to our Convent St. Joseph in Somerset, Ohio. Every Sunday I was obliged to attend either Chillicothe, Columbus, Zanesville or Lancaster, all large towns about one hundred or two hundred miles apart, to dispense the means of grace to the Germans. In the state of Ohio there are more than ten thousand German emigrants, whom I had to attend, until the newly consecrated Bishop of Detroit, Rt. Rev: F. Résé assured me that I could do much more good if I went among the Indians, who had no missionaries, much as it was to be desired. Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati reluctantly gave me leave of absence, but thought it a mistake, as the vineyard in Michigan was too large and without laborers. For this reason I was sent after Easter to Detroit in the year 1833.

"If I were to tell you, Honored Editor, of all the dangers to which a missionary is exposed on his journeys, I would grow tiresome. I will relate one incident: One day, between Monroe and Detroit, I strayed from the road, seven hours distant from the nearest house, my horse sank with me in a marsh; all help seemed impossible. Fortunately, however, by slipping backwards off the horse I reached solid ground. I prayed fervently, full of confidence in

Almighty God, and began to call with all my might. Beyond all expectation, I heard a voice on the other side of the pond, from which I received help, while I thought myself far separated from all mankind, as I knew the district was not settled. Two men by means of trees saved my horse. Without their help I should have perished, as these roads are very seldom traversed, and wayfarers scarcely ever met with. Nevertheless, the missionary must often make use of these unfrequented roads to visit his distant Christians, and that mostly on horseback as a wagon or buggy is not to be thought of. He must frequently sleep under the open canopy of heaven, with dry bread and water for nourishment.

“The Bishop of Michigan sent me to Green Bay, to the so-called Groene Baay, I arrived there the 4th of July, 1834, and found not more than nine or ten houses, but many Indians. After I had finished my church and parsonage, the number of inhabitants had increased to 1,000 in three new villages, Navarino, Astor, and Rapides des Pères. The last is so named because a swift stream flows there, and also because one hundred and fifty years ago (1693) it was a Jesuit mission with two Fathers, one of whom was killed by the Indians. They chopped the Missionary into pieces and, so that he could not rise again, burned the remains and threw the ashes into the river.

“On the 6th of December, 1836, the Bishop sent three Redemptorist Fathers in my place (Fr. H. Hätscher, Simon Sänderl, Jas. Prost, C. S. S. R.) and I betook

myself 24 miles higher up the river into the woods, to the Indians, at a place called La Petite Chute (Little Falls), a small waterfall near Grand Cocalin—an Indian name meaning rapids. (In the Chippewa language it means the home of the pike—Okakaning meaning pike.) An Indian woman at once built me a hut or wigwam, about fifteen feet long and six feet high, it was finished in half a day. I lived in it from Pentecost to October (1837), meanwhile, with the Indians, I began to build a church and parsonage. For six months the wigwam was both my house and my church. My congregation soon increased to fifty Christians who heard Mass in the open air; it did not take long until the number had reached two hundred. You can easily imagine there was no dearth of timber here. In the meantime I succeeded, with the help of the newly converted, in building a church 30 feet long and 22 feet wide without any money. The first year, 1837, the church was under roof covered with bark. The joists of the floor served as benches. The second year, 1838, the floor was covered with boards and the roof also. In 1839, the congregation had so increased that I was obliged to enlarge the church by 20 feet, and we built a tower beside it; I had no other altar equipments than an old chalice, and some other necessary articles which you yourself forwarded.

“My congregation this year, 1843, numbers six hundred souls, and the church is finished. I had the happiness of receiving a visit from Bishops Résé, Loras,

and Lefèvre, the last named is the Administrator for Wisconsin; his Episcopal See is five hundred miles from here in Detroit, but we hope even in this year, to have a Bishop appointed for Wisconsin at Milwaukee, barely 80 miles from here.

"When I came here on my first visit to Milwaukee, there were not more than twenty Christians, whose pastor I was, and now there are more than four thousand, attended to by two priests. The Council of sixteen Bishops, led by the Archbishop of Baltimore, appointed this year six new Bishops, and we are daily expecting their confirmation by the Holy See.

"Last year (1842) Rt. Rev. Bishop Lefèvre honored me with a visit; with cross and banner my Indians went in procession to meet him, and we sang on his arrival "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," and other hymns in their language, also the "Veni Creator," etc., till we reached the church. The next day seventy received the Sacrament of Confirmation. At High Mass all sang in their own language the "Kyrie Eleison," "Gloria," etc. In the afternoon they sang Vespers, likewise in the Indian language, while the Bishop and Rev. Father Kundig, a German priest who accompanied the Bishop, sang alternately in Latin. You never heard finer harmony than the Indians sang in Gregorian chant. After a sojourn of three days the Bishop took his departure, escorted by the Indians in the same manner as they had received him. When the Bishop gave them his blessing they fired a salute

of fifty guns. The Bishop remained standing and with tears in his eyes, gave the good people a last admonition to remain true to the faith. Wherever the Bishop stopped on his confirmation tour, he related the good impression that the faith of these newly converted had made upon him. Scarcely had the Bishop returned to Detroit, than he sent me a present of a bell, a beautiful chalice, a thurible and a number of other articles. To these he added two hundred rosaries, for although the Indians can read, the rosary still remains, and rightly so, their favorite form of prayer.

"The Indians come to school to me every day, to learn to read and write, as well as the different trades. I must often make a journey of two hundred miles to visit the Winnebago Indians. Last winter (1842) on one of these journeys, I was nearly frozen, because in a range of sixty or seventy miles there is not a house to be met with. At Fort Winnebago near Portage, Wis., I baptized twenty Indians, among them were some 90, 100, and 110 years old.

"Wisconsin is gradually becoming more and more populated; chiefly by Germans and Irish. Last year I built two churches, one is twenty-three miles from here, which place I named Trier, because the inhabitants came from the bishopric of Trier in Prussia; the other I called Neuen Kirche because the settlers came from Coblenz, Maintz, and Neuen Kirche.

"The land on which I live lies on the Fox River;

La Petite Chute (Little Falls) is a very pleasant place. Where on my arrival was all woods, I can now sow one hundred bushels of grain. It is a very salubrious and fertile country. All kinds of trees are to be found in the woods and some wild fruits.

"My labor is incredibly great; Sunday forenoon I preach in French, English, and German; in the afternoon in the Indian language. Moreover I have school every day, besides visiting the sick and making numberless journeys to distant missions. Nevertheless, I enjoy good health, and everything through God's help is easy, although I am in my sixtieth year.

"Although I could tell you a great deal more, I must close, commending myself to your prayers and assuring you of mine, I remain

"Your obedient servant,

"T. J. Van den Broek

"Missionary and Pastor."

The preceding letter speaks volumes, nothing could more clearly portray the arduous and saintly life of our humble missionary. Without ostentation or circumlocution, he states in the simplest language, but all the more eloquent on account of its simplicity, his daily life.

He was not content with administering the sacraments only, to his savage flock, but he would have them educated in mind and body, and like his Divine Master would himself be their teacher. Can we in the present day surrounded with comforts, form an adequate idea of the labor that Father Van den Broek underwent while teaching these Indians?

He taught them to pray, to read and write, taught them to cultivate the ground, taught them to build not only a church and parsonage, but homes for themselves; made them in fact self supporting. His red-skinned children should be not only educated, but cultured; he taught them to sing the praises of God in the Gregorian chant, and that in their own language of the forest. Could a St. Francis Xavier, a St. Francis Assissi, or a St. Dominic have done more?

His church, his school, and parsonage was for six months a wigwam fifteen feet long and six feet high.

In his note book and in his letters he always speaks in the highest praise of his Indian children. Never a word of complaint of their wild and often shocking traits. He does tell us that their half starved dogs often stole the provisions he had stored away in a kettle for the next day; but he does not state, that on Holydays and Sundays his wigwam was their rendezvous. Although they sometimes brought deer or fish, they remained feasting until not a mouthful was left for their good Father. No, not a word of complaint.

The arduous and dangerous journeys of over two hundred miles, which he must often make to visit his Winnebago Indians and the few distant white settlers; his miraculous and hairbreadth escapes on these journeys, show that the hand of God guided the saintly missionary. No danger, no obstacle kept him from visiting his children. Well might he say "my labor is incredibly great." Could poor human

nature sustain the labors he underwent at this time of life without supernatural support from Heaven? In the first place to learn the Indian language, to teach school all week, to preach four sermons in as many different languages on Sunday, was not the work of a giant but that of a saint.

On the occasion of Bishop Lefèvre's visit above mentioned there was great rejoicing among the Indians. They made a reproduction of the first wigwam that served as church, parsonage, and school, and the chief arrayed himself in grand Indian costume.

On Bishop Lefèvre's return to Detroit, to show his appreciation of his reception by the Indians, he generously sent their pastor, for distribution, as previously stated, a number of rosaries, altar equipments, and a bell. This bell was the first bell in the Fox River valley; it is now in the chapel of the Catholic cemetery of Green Bay. Few, perhaps, if any, are aware of its historic value.

Every Saturday evening Father Van den Broek rang the bell to call the people to church to pray the rosary, and sing the *Salve Regina*, and the first Sunday of every month he held a procession with the Blessed Sacrament, around the cemetery. He also established a sodality of the Holy Rosary. A list of the members is to be found in the church registry of 1834. In the same register we find that the first baptism in Little Chute was Paul Sawanon, the son of Comaicin Sawanon and N. Mitamon. The sponsors were Paul Ducharm and Ursule Nawapo.

The first marriage was Peter Quoquinata and Theresia Wahetin. Witnesses: August Caro, and Margarita Grignon. First burial was Angela, daughter of Paul Mawasji, one year old. The first confirmation: Oct. 10, 1838, by Rt. Rev. Frederic Résé, Bishop of Detroit.

While attending Green Bay and Little Chute on alternate Sundays, Father Van den Broek took special care of his Indian tribes; it was he, who introduced among the Menominee Indians the celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi, a custom which is still held yearly with great solemnity at the Keshena reservation.

The year that Father Van den Broek came to Green Bay, was the year of the terrible cholera epidemic in 1834. How graphically he describes this in his note book! He says: "At this time the cholera was raging so badly, that in many houses three or four were down with it at the same time. It often happened that while I was attending the sick, sometimes even while confessing them, they died at my side, so that we could not get enough help to prepare the bodies for burial, and I had to bury them myself assisted by two Sisters of the Order of St. Clara, who were teaching there. They took off the cords which were their girdles, and with these we lowered the bodies into the grave. While we were visiting the sick and burying the dead I was called from far and near to others who were dying. This mortal disease

was so vehement that human assistance was no longer sufficient to help all.

“An Indian woman, dwelling at a great distance and who had lived a virtuous life, was stricken with the disease. She knew it was impossible for her to receive the last Sacraments, but she declared to the bystanders around her dying bed, that the Blessed Sacrament had been administered to her in a wonderful manner. They saw her devoutly strike her breast, and open her mouth, and after she had given signs of receiving Holy Communion die contented and rejoicing. Be this as it may, every one who knew her holy life was convinced that she would not tell an untruth on her death bed. Many of the recently converted heathens lived like the first Christians, an exemplary life, to the no little shame of those who had the grace of being born in Christianity.

“Their faith and confidence in Almighty God is so great, that they firmly believed that their sick would surely be healed if they only showed themselves to the priest. I, myself, with others, was an eye witness of this great faith. At ten o'clock, one night, an Indian woman with a dying child came to me, that I should make the sign of the cross over the child. I did so, immediately the child opened its eyes and was well.”

What humility Father Van den Broek displays in his simple account of the dying child restored to life by the sign of the cross made by his hand. He claims no share in the recovery of the child, but attributes all to the wonderful faith of the poor Indian woman.

Was not a miracle wrought on this occasion by his consecrated hand? Who can doubt it?

"How singular the ways of God!" The saintly Bishop Fenwick while ministering to the cholera victims in the northern part of Michigan succumbed to this disease in 1832. His life work was ended. In 1834, our saintly missionary although ministering to the plague stricken and burying the dead was spared to work seventeen years longer in the vineyard of the Lord. His task was not yet finished. Both were Dominicans, and both were imbued with the spirit of their holy founder, St. Dominic.

The Sisters of the Order of St. Clara who assisted Father Van den Broek in caring for the cholera stricken, were Sisters Clara and Theresa Bourdaloue, whom Father Mazzuchelli brought with him in 1833. It is to be regretted that we know nothing further of these two heroic Religious, but the recording angel knows it all and did not forget to write it in the Book of Life.

What a galaxy of hallowed names circle around that of Father Van den Broek: Bishop Fenwick, Bishop Baraga, Bishop Loras, Bishop Lefèvre, Bishop Résé, Father Mazzuchelli, Father Kundig. In searching into the life of one we come upon the saintly lives of dozens of others, who sacrificed all, even their lives, for Christ.

While Father Van den Broek attended Green Bay, every other Sunday after the missionaries left, often traveling the distance, twenty-four miles, on foot

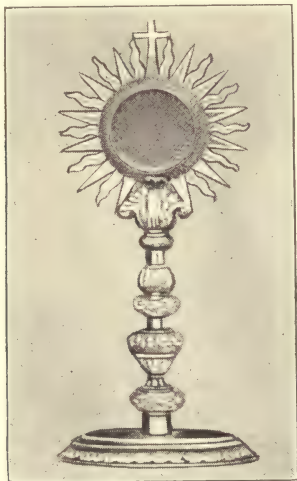
and carrying his mission goods with him an incident occurred which he relates in his note book:

"One Holy Saturday that I happened to be at Green Bay to celebrate Easter, a traveler called at the uninhabited and roomy parsonage where it was my custom to stay, and asked for a night's lodging. I readily complied with his request, as there were very few houses in the neighborhood. About midnight I heard the door of the sacristy open very softly; from a window in my room which joined the sacristy, I could see a light burning in it. At first I thought it was the man to whom I had given lodging, and that out of curiosity he was wandering around at this untimely hour; still it seemed strange to me, and I called loudly: "Pierre qu'est ce que tu fais la!" (Peter, what are you doing there?) As soon as the thief heard this bold shout, he thought, probably, that there were more persons in the house, for he blew out his candle immediately. This made me somewhat uneasy. I arose and went to the bedroom of my guest whom I found quietly sleeping, and who appeared to know nothing of what had happened. I wakened him and told him that there were thieves in the church, who were about to steal the chalice which was in a chest in the sacristy; for at the time that I called loudly he was in the act of trying the lock. Had I waited a moment longer and not frightened him by my loud shout, I could not have celebrated Mass on Easter Sunday. I sent my guest to a house not far off to call help and to ring the bell, but scarcely had he

left the parsonage when a voice called to him in English: "If you come nearer I'll shoot you dead!" Thoroughly frightened he came back and assured me that there were three armed men outside, one in the church, one at the church door, and one in the churchyard. Without any fear and possessed of I know not what strength, relying on God, I remained in the company of these three murderers, in the parsonage. I again sent my man for help, through a back door; he succeeded in bringing the few neighbors I had with him. In the meantime the thieves were busy robbing the church of everything; a silver monstrance, a ciborium and ampulla, a silver crucifix. Yes, even ornaments that were of no value, but the robbers thought them of value because they were gilt. The altar had been prettily ornamented for the morrow's feast—Easter. I consider it a special favor of providence that I was awakened in time to prevent the thieves from taking the chalice with them, although it was of little value. Scarcely had the day dawned, when the people coming from far and near to celebrate Easter, beheld the temple of God sacrilegiously robbed of everything. Before I began the celebration of Mass, I asked the congregation to beg of God that the robbers should be punished according to their deserts or, at least, that they should return the treasures they had stolen, which I prized greatly on account of their antiquity.

"According to human foresight there did not seem to be a possibility of recovering them, but if God

were pleased to hear us, I said, even this would not be impossible. I also added that I would offer up Mass on the three feast days for that intention. And behold! scarcely was the first solemn Mass ended, when a gentleman came to the parsonage and assured



THE MONSTRANCE.

me that three soldiers had been captured, who confessed to having buried the church ornaments in the ground.

"On Easter Sunday afternoon everything was brought back that the thieves had stolen."

These sacred vessels were old treasures that had been dug up at Rapides des Pères which were con-

cealed when the missionaries had been massacred by the Indians. One hundred and fifty years ago a Jesuit Mission was at this place, but after this occurrence a priest was never again seen there.

The monstrance is the one described in the "History of the Catholic Church in Wisconsin," which we quote:

"The oldest historical relic extant is a silver monstrance made in France, which was donated to the St. Francis Xavier mission at Green Bay by Governor Nicolas Perrot. All doubt as to its claims to antiquity is set at rest by the inscription bearing the date of 1686 which is to be found on its base. The sacred vessel was kept at the mission church at De Pere, which was erected by Charles Albanel in 1676. Nearly twelve months after the donation of this monstrance to the church by Perrot, the structure was burned to the ground by a number of pagan Indians."

In the Wisconsin State Journal of July 22, 1878, we find the following description of this monstrance, its concealment and ultimate discovery, written by M. J. Butler.

"1681 is the date of the oldest tombstone in Plymouth on the hill above the rock where the Pilgrim Fathers landed. Wisconsin has a relic as old, wanting five years, attesting the presence of European settlers within her borders. It is a memorial as indubitably genuine as the Massachusetts gravestone, and more wonderful for many reasons.

"This curiosity by a strange good fortune is before

me as I write. It is a silver ornament fifteen inches high and elaborately wrought. A standard nine inches high supports a radiant circlet closed with glass on both sides and surmounted with a cross. This glass case, accessible by a wicket, was intended to contain the sacramental wafer (the Sacred Host) when exhibited for popular veneration. The sacred utensil is called a 'soleil' as resembling in shape the solar orb, and also a 'monstrance,' and an 'ostensorium' because used to demonstrate or ostentate the Holy Host.

"The antiquity of the relic before me is beyond doubt or cavil.

"Around the rim of its oval base, I read the following inscription in letters, every one of which, though rude, is perfectly legible: 'Ce soleil a ete donné par Mr. Nicolas Perrot á la mission de St. François Xavier en la Baye des Puants, 1686.' In English: This solary was presented by Mr. Nicolas Perrot to the mission of St. Francis Xavier at Green Bay in the year 1686.

"Regarding Perrot, the donor of the ostensory, little was known of him where it was unearthed. But it is now ascertained that he was traversing the northwest in 1663, and for a quarter of a century thereafter. He was the earliest and ablest of those French agents sent west of Lake Michigan to gather up fragments of nations scattered by the Iroquois, and confederate them under French leadership against those inveterate foes of France. His adventures,

largely in Wisconsin, he wrote out, not for publication, but for the information of Canadian Governors. These Memoirs, laid up in Parisian archives, were never printed till 1864, and remain to this day untranslated.

"There are four memorials older than the ostensorium of Perrot, proving the presence of white men in Wisconsin, but they are all treasured far beyond its borders, and I fear will be for a long time. One is the original manuscript of Marquette, detailing his journey across Wisconsin and down the Mississippi which was written at Green Bay in the winter of 1673-74. This writing is in the College of St. Mary's at Montreal. The second memorial is Joliet's notes on the same journey, written on his return to France in 1674, and preserved in the seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris. The other two are maps both preserved in Parisian Archives; one is of Lake Superior drawn up in 1671; the other dating from 1679 shows the Mississippi from latitude 49° to 42° where the Wisconsin comes in; according to an inscription upon it. Some other dated native offerings to the La Pointe or Green Bay missions even before 1686 may possibly have come to light, but aside from such an improbable windfall, it seems impossible that any antiquarian discovery this side of the prehistoric period, either in Wisconsin, or, indeed, out of it, in all the length and breadth of the Mississippi Valley, can ever be made that shall rival as a work of art, as a religious relic, and, above all, as an historical memorial, the silver ostensorium

of Nicolas Perrot. With good reason then, has Wisconsin fostered her Historical Society till it is pre-eminent throughout the West. It had the most precious memorial to enshrine.

"Fearing that other depredations might be committed upon the church property and its other belongings, the missionaries dug a hole in the ground in which they placed the monstrance for safe keeping; and here, lost to memory, it was at last discovered in the year 1802, and then only by the merest accident. The property in which this valuable relic had been secreted had at this time fallen into the possession of a family named Grignon. Nearly a quarter of a century later, in 1823, a church was erected at or near to the place where the former one had been destroyed, and within this sacred edifice the monstrance was again used. But a strange fatality seemed to follow this particular locality, for again in 1828, the church was destroyed by fire. At about this time the monstrance, which had in the course of events come into the possession of Rev. Stephen Badin, was donated by him to St. Ann's congregation at Detroit. Ten years later, in 1838, the Rev. Father Bonduel purchased this valuable relic for twenty-six fleurs (\$13.00), and brought it to Green Bay. It was loaned by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Krautbauer to the State Historical Society at Madison where it is enshrined in a glass case, and treasured as the most precious relic of the distinguished society."

In 1843, ten years after Father Van den Broek's

arrival we find six priests in charge of the Territory of Wisconsin: Rev. Martin Kundig, Rev. J. Morrisey, Rev. Florimund Bonduel, Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, Rev. Augustin Ravaux, and Rev. Theo. J. Van den Broek.

The next year, 1844, in Bishop Hennis' report, shortly after his elevation to the Episcopal See of Milwaukee, he gave the following interesting account.

"I arrived at Milwaukee, the See of my Bishopric, which is about the same size as the Territory of Wisconsin, and which formed the northern part of the diocese of Detroit since its establishment. A few years ago the present location of Milwaukee was an uncultivated waste, the rich and fecund soil with which it abounded being undisturbed by the numerous bands of Pottawattomie and Winnebago Indians who came from other parts along the lake at stated periods to trade their accumulated stock of furs. Finally, however, in 1835, a settlement was established at Milwaukee, which has grown so rapidly that at the present time not less than seven thousand souls are living here. As regards the present condition of our holy religion, and the possibilities for its future advancement, I have not the slightest doubt, after having carefully considered the matter in all of its peculiar phases, that Wisconsin will maintain its prestige in comparison with other states. At any rate, we are already ahead of all other religious denominations, as of the entire population of seven thousand souls, fully two thousand are Catholics.

At the present time a majority of these people are living in the southern part of the Territory, near the coast of Lake Michigan, and in the west along the Mississippi River.

“Immediately after Pentecost I made my official tour through the country. First I went in a southeasterly direction to Sac Creek, a distance of about forty miles from Milwaukee, where is located a large Irish settlement, and then to Racine and Southport (Kenosha) rapidly growing villages, whose populations are largely Catholic. At the latter place I found a large brick church, eighty feet long, in course of erection, which building it is understood, will be completed and ready for occupation during the coming year. The same condition of affairs also prevails at Racine, where most of the Catholics, as in Burlington, are German. Farther west there are Salem, Geneva, and Yorkville settlements, all having large Catholic populations, while in each of these places chapels have already been built. The same can also be said of many other settlements lying north and west of Milwaukee for a distance of about forty miles. With the exception of Prairieville and Watertown each of these places is simply known by the name of the saint in whose honor the church erected there has been dedicated. Thus we have St. Mary’s, St. Michael’s, St. John’s, St. Benedict’s, St. Boniface’s, St. Dominic’s and numerous others, each of which is known by no other name. In a majority of these cases, these settlements are

composed entirely of Catholic families, and thus pursue their devotions without interference on the part of other denominations.

In the month of June, I visited the Western portion of my diocese, on this occasion passing through Madison, the seat of our territorial government, which is located in Dane county, and about eighty miles distant from here. This place is virtually in the geographical center of the Territory, and at present but very sparsely settled. It is an ideal location, being, as it is, surrounded by beautiful lakes and other natural conditions which present a handsome and interesting view. I expect to establish a church here before long, as there are about thirty families living in the vicinity, while the unusual attractiveness of the surroundings and the excellent quality of the soil inspire in me the belief that this locality will soon be thickly settled. West of Madison, along the shore of the Wisconsin River, are the so-called Blue Mounds, while still further west are lead mines. At Mineral Point, the most important settlement in Iowa county, I was made the recipient of a number of valuable lots, upon which a stone church is already in course of erection. This promising condition of affairs is largely due to the zealous efforts of the recently organized congregation, to which most of the prominent families of the settlement belong. Catholic fervor is, in fact, very marked here, among the recent converts to the Church being a son and a daughter of Mr. Dodge, first Governor of Wisconsin who are

also educating their children in the Catholic faith. In Grant county which is bordered on the west by the Mississippi, I found a number of quite extensive Catholic settlements. There are also two prosperous villages on the Platte River, Platteville and Potosi, the location of the latter being at the point where that stream empties into the Mississippi. Each of these places has its church, although the congregation at Potosi is certainly the stronger, as besides making an addition to the church, the people there have recently erected a brick school house. There are also churches in various stages of completion (all of them will be ready for dedication next summer), at Benton, New Diggings, Shullsburg, and Sinsinawa Mound, the latter an isolated elevation on the prairie which is covered with trees and brush, in fact a second Mount Tabor. Should not this charming spot—I thought when seeing it for the first time—should not this charming spot be dedicated to religion and science? And truly, the wish was even then but little short of fulfillment, as I have since been notified that the Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, who has labored for many years in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois, has already secured some 800 acres of land on the south side of the mountains. This desirable piece of property he purchased of General George W. Jones ex-member of Congress, who although a Protestant, favors the Catholic religion, his wife and children belonging to that faith.

“Father Mazzuchelli came from Milan, Italy, from

which place (to which he had been on a visit) he returned in the month of August, last year (1843), well provided with means which enabled him to buy the land. He commenced to erect a college on this property, and I can hardly imagine a more suitable location for the establishment of an educational institution than Sinsinawa Mound. North of here, and on the other side of the Wisconsin River is Crawford County; its principal settlement, Prairie du Chien, wherein is maintained a garrison fort named after the county, being on a large and treeless plain at a point where the Wisconsin empties into the Mississippi. Here a large congregation has been organized, its personnel consisting to a great extent of Frenchmen and Canadians. A few years ago the Catholics of Prairie du Chien began the erection of a stone church one hundred feet in length, which building I found in an incomplete condition and burdened with a debt of \$3,000.00. How they could have undertaken the erection of such a building I cannot understand, for this congregation will never be able to pay for it; however, it is such a durable as well as imposing structure, that the money will not be entirely thrown away. While at Prairie du Chien, I confirmed a great number of persons, among them were eleven converts. I also preached in the morning and afternoon, my congregation consisting of Catholics, Protestants, and a garrison from the Fort. Before taking my departure, I visited a Winnebago chief by the name of Debore. He is a very old man,

yet maintains a great amount of vitality and strength. Deборе, as well as his family and some of the tribe are Catholics, and he quite frequently makes a pilgrimage to the church at Prairie du Chien, on such occasions remaining at the settlement for some time. The Bishop of Dubuque is reported to have already organized a mission among the Winnebagoes and the Sioux. In my diocese there are at present only the Chippewas, Menomonees, and Pottawattomies, all of whom roam around the country like the gypsies of Europe. The Chippewas are situated along the shore of Lake Superior, while the Menomonees hunt and fish in the territory south of that occupied by the Chippewas, and on the Wolf and Fox Rivers, about sixty miles from Green Bay.

“As soon as the Indians heard of my arrival, some of them came with their best canoe, in which I was transported to Little Chute where Father Van den Broek had organized a mission. In our passage up the Neenah and Fox Rivers, we passed the Rapids des Pères, made memorable nearly a century and a half ago through the erection of a chapel by the Jesuits, and the martyrdom of some of the missionaries there. It was while a milldam was in course of erection at this place years after, that several relics of historical value such as crucifixes, medals, etc., were unearthed.

“On arriving at my destination, I found that Father Van den Broek had established a congregation of Menomonees on the left bank of the Neenah rapids where they had cleared a few acres of ground, erected

a chapel and platted a neat little cemetery. In company with Father Van den Broek and four half breeds, we now passed up the Fox River and Lake Winnebago to the new Indian settlements. It was midnight when we came to the western shore of Poygan Lake, so we fired a gun to notify the people of our arrival, as our guides were unable to locate their wigwams among the dark birch woods. It was not long before a number of Indians came down to the swampy shore, one of the most sturdy of them, taking me upon his shoulders, and notwithstanding my objections, bore me to dry land. Here, then, for the first time I experienced the novelty of establishing my episcopal residence in a wigwam, in which soon after, upon a couch composed of native mats, I obtained some much needed repose. Early in the following morning, we returned to our canoe, by means of which we journeyed a further distance of four miles, which brought us to the center of the settlement, where all of the Indians had been notified to gather for divine service. This was on the 12th of July.

"Not far from the shore we built a temporary chapel of branches, wherein I celebrated Holy Mass. Afterwards I addressed the Indians in English, which was interpreted for me into the Indian language, sentence by sentence. After giving the Episcopal Benediction, I left the chapel, and was led to the presbyterial wigwam, where I partook of some excellent refreshments. Soon after, the chiefs, with their

attendants, came to call upon me, and after much hand shaking they sat down. After a pause, the first chief began to speak, making the following requests:

“1st, That a teacher be sent to instruct their children;

“2d, That permission be granted them to build a chapel;

“3d, That an additional missionary be sent to them, their present pastor, owing to extreme age, being unable to attend the ever-increasing duties of his charge. In response I gave them permission to erect a chapel in honor of St. Francis Xavier, and I also told them I would send an English missionary as soon as I could secure the services of one. As regards a teacher, I made them acquainted with my companion, Joseph Bougler, formerly a teacher at Little Chute, suggesting him as an altogether suitable person for that position. His services were at once accepted, more readily, perhaps owing to the fact that his wife belonged to their tribe.

“At the close of the conference, we entered our canoe and began the return journey, being accompanied by thirteen other canoes bearing a number of Catholic Indians, who were going with us to Little Chute, so that they might receive the Sacrament of Confirmation in their old chapel at that place. It was on a sultry summer evening that our flotilla glided down the small lake and river to Neenah, passing over the same course, in fact, taken by Father Marquette in 1672 when on his way to Portage, at

which place he carried his belongings overland to the Wisconsin. Having arrived at our point of destination, Butte des Morts, we landed and received a friendly welcome from Mr. Grignon, an old Canadian *courier des bois*. I accepted his courteous invitation to stay over night at his residence while the Indians erected their wigwam and camped between this house and the river. Mr. Grignon is a descendant of those French who came to this country one hundred years ago.

“The name Butte des Morts has its origin from the great massacre, in which a large number of Fox Indians were killed by De Lauvigny’s expedition. These Indians had been committing numerous depredations along the territory contiguous to the Fox River, intercepting caravans, and robbing and killing the people accompanying them. As a matter of safety, the traders were compelled to resort to heroic methods for future protection. After the massacre, the bodies of the slain were piled up in one great heap and covered with dirt, from which fact the name Butte des Morts, or ‘mound of the dead’ is derived. On the western end of Lake Superior are living the Chippewa Indians among whom Rev. Frederic Baraga is expounding the Catholic faith. La Pointe the central settlement of these converted Indians also belongs to my diocese. I had made up my mind to visit this place, having, in fact, when at Mackinaw, promised the Rev. Father Skolla to do so. A circuitous route had, however, been taken in order to

reach it, and being unwilling to make the attempt alone, I awaited the representatives of the North American Fur Company, who, I was informed, would go there in August. In order to meet this party, therefore, I started at once for Mackinaw but was delayed for some time at Green Bay, awaiting the arrival of a boat, so that I did not reach my destination until August 3rd. There I learned that they had already started for Sault Ste. Marie.

“The following day being Sunday, I arose at four o'clock in the morning and said Mass in St. Ann's chapel, an historic structure which had been in existence since 1690. In this vicinity, too, the mission of Michilmackinac, it will be remembered, was established by Father Marquette in 1671. This, like all the old missions in New France, had suffered severely from the constantly changing conditions, and had already on several occasions been abandoned. Finally, however, Mgr. Fenwick, afterwards first Bishop of Cincinnati, Ohio, came there and by strenuous effort was enabled to arouse the few remaining Christians to a partial recognition of their duty to the Church. After a brief stay at St. Ann's, I started for Sault Ste. Marie, a distance of ninety miles, accompanied by three half breeds. Then we passed onward by rapid stages, finally, after a weary voyage, arriving at the Apostle Islands, and later at Magdalena Island, the most southerly among the twenty beautiful islands at this place. We landed on the south shore of the lake at La Pointe, being welcomed by the two bells of St.

Joseph's Church, a recognition due to the enthusiasm of an Indian squaw, who by signs had notified those on shore of the arrival of a Bishop in their midst. Father Baraga was overwhelmed with joy, and welcomed me heartily. Arm in arm with him I entered the church, which was filled with Indians and half breeds, who were waiting to receive the Episcopal Blessing. The day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary was a great festival for me, as well as for the newly converted Indians. Early in the morning these people came to the church, a building sixty feet in length and thirty feet in width. At ten o'clock I instructed those present concerning the feast, as well as regarding the proper observances of this day, Father Baraga interpreting my words into the Chipewa language. This instruction was continued through the afternoon services as a preparation for the following day, on which I confirmed one hundred and twenty-two grown persons. In the evening I was compelled to leave this place, as the "Astor" was about to return. This made it impossible for me to visit the mission at Fort Williams and at Grand Portage, which I much desired to do, while in this locality. I received from the Indians dwelling at this place the following petition, which was translated by Father Baraga:

" 'La Pointe, August 15, 1844.

'Our Father, our Great Priest: We let you know that we at Grand Portage and at Fort Williams deserve your compassion. There are so many here who are

Catholics, and so many who would like to espouse that religion, yet we cannot go to confession. If we see a priest, it is only as he passes by, and he has hardly time to baptize our children. As there are so many Catholics at Grand Portage we ask for a priest, who can always stay with us. Many of our people die, yet there is no priest to conduct the services for the dead. Indeed we deserve your compassion. We will ask you, in the name of God, to send us a priest.

‘We, the wild Indians of Grand Portage.’

FATHER VAN DEN BROEK VISITS HOLLAND

From the arrival of Bishop Henni at the newly erected See of Milwaukee in the year 1844, and the increasing number of priests in consequence, the labors of Father Van den Broek in the Missionary field were not so wide-spread, and therefore he could devote more time to his Indian children, and to the parish of Little Chute in particular. Here he labored with untiring zeal until financial affairs recalled him to his native land in 1847.

In 1842 many German and French settled around Kaukauna and Little Chute; the Indians then sold their lands to the Government, and migrated to Lake Poygan, thirty-six miles southwest of Little Chute.

Father Van den Broek's object in visiting Holland was not only to receive the inheritance left him by his mother, but also to induce Hollanders to emigrate to America, and settle in Little Chute on the land which the Indians had left. This could now be purchased of the Government at ten shillings per acre.

After obtaining an assistant, Rev. P. J. Mannis D'Arco, O. P., accompanied by a lay brother named Peter, Father Van den Broek prepared for his journey to the Netherlands.

He arrived at his birthplace, Amsterdam, August

13th, 1847. His mother had died in 1844, and left him 20,000 gulden, and a like sum to his only sister, Mrs. Ootmar, a widow. The balance of his mother's property was left to relatives, to churches, and to the poor.

During his sojourn with the Indians, Father Van den Broek had no regular income but his inheritance, which he drew upon to provide for himself and his Indians until it had diminished to 10,000 florins. This sum he had entrusted to a notary in Amsterdam. When he wished to reclaim it to help him in his missionary labors he found that the notary had absconded with 120,000 gulden, belonging to widows and orphans, his own 10,000 florins included.

Father Van den Broek's plans were, to return to Wisconsin as soon as possible, but as the voyage was then very difficult to make, he was obliged to spend the winter in Europe. He made use of this opportunity to write an account of his sojourn in America and also an appeal to his countrymen to emigrate to the land of freedom. He portrayed the beauty of the country, the fertility of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate in such glowing colors, that they responded generously to his appeal. Emigrants flocked from all parts of Holland in such numbers that he engaged three ships to transport them to America.

The three sailing vessels were the *Maria Magdalena*, Captain Smith, bound for New York, on which Father Van den Broek sailed; the *Libra*, bound for

Philadelphia, and the America, on which Father Godhart sailed, bound for Boston.

The vessels did not sail on the same day. The Maria Magdalena sailed on the 10th of March and reached New York, May 10th. On the 20th of June, the day before Pentecost, Father Van den Broek and his party reached their destination—Little Chute, Wis.

The voyage seems to have been a very prosperous one. Father Van den Broek had been able to read Mass nearly every day.

After their arrival the Hollanders began to spread so that Little Chute did not long remain the only place in which the emigrants held the right of eminent domain over the virgin forests in Wisconsin. One of the first of these offshoots was Franciscus Busch—now Hollandtown, then others in the vicinity of DePere and Bay Settlement, but Little Chute remained the center of the Holland emigration.

A warm tribute to Father Van den Broek's sanctity and labors is given by one of his fellow passengers; on board the Maria Magdalena:

"When we set sail from Rotterdam, a place was prepared in the steerage for the erection of an altar. Father Van den Broek superintended the work himself. The steerage was divided as follows: on each side of the ship were bunks in tiers of twos and threes, and in the middle was piled the immigrant's baggage. Some of this from the back part, right under the cabin, was removed and piled elsewhere. In this open space an altar was erected, where Father Van den

Broek celebrated Mass every day provided it was not too stormy.

“On Easter Sunday, 1848, we were in mid-ocean. Father had celebrated Mass early that morning; between nine and ten o’clock a strong east wind arose which increased in velocity and soon veered to the west by northwest. The morning was bright but soon became clouded, and we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a fearful storm, which continued to rage with a steady increasing fury. On Monday and Tuesday, all the port holes were closed and the decks cleared, the waves dashed over the ship. The Captain and crew were all lashed to the deck. Towards evening the greatest danger was imminent; the cabin boy stated that the Captain had called for an ax to cut away the mast in order to save the ship. Where was Father Van den Broek during this tempest? His room was directly opposite mine—I was lying in bed—it was impossible to be up as the ship was rocking fearfully, lashed hither and thither by the angry waves. Thinking my hour was come, I looked around for Father Van den Broek, and beheld him kneeling in his room before a crucifix. When word came that the Captain was about to cut away the mast, he arose instantly, got out of the cabin and walked on deck to where the Captain was—notwithstanding that every wave swept the vessel, he walked firm and unaided, supported undoubtedly by his guardian angel—and commanded the Captain to desist. The Captain, struck speechless by the Father’s

command of authority, stayed his hand, and behold the storm began to abate!

"Captain Smith, of the ship *Mary Magdalen*, was a Protestant and whenever an opportunity offered had something to say against either Father Van den Broek himself, or the Catholic religion. Being a cabin passenger and dining at the same table with Father and the Captain, I heard many of their conversations, and very well remember the Captain's taunting remarks. Whenever Father Van den Broek talked about his wigwam church or his three log churches, the Captain said that he could not understand how he could leave his parish church at Alkmaar for a wild country. Father Van den Broek often grew indignant at the Captain's insolent remarks, but animated with a love of God would reply: 'At the last day God will not ask me whether my church was a wigwam or a log church. He asks not for churches but for souls, and the soul of the poorest Indian living in the most miserable wigwam is as dear to him as the soul of the greatest sovereign.'

"How gratefully the Indians returned Father Van den Broek's love! I often had occasion to witness this after we had arrived at Little Chute and settled down among them. Whenever his beloved Indians saw him coming they knelt down, waited until he passed and had given them his blessing.

"There was a fine row of pine trees on each side of a lane leading to the now main road; in this lane Father Van den Broek could be seen daily reading his

breviary, this was his recreation. How fondly his dear Indians watched their saintly father as he walked to and fro in this cherished retreat! It was a sight to inspire them with gratitude and love for the priest, who had left congenial society and refinement, not to say luxury, for sake of their immortal souls.

“What a pity that those pine trees are not still standing to be a natural monument for this great and holy man! Let us hope that they will again be planted by the descendants of those pioneers whom he transplanted from Holland.

“It was out of love for his poor Indians that Father Van den Broek induced my father to permit me and my brother to emigrate with him to Wisconsin. On my arrival at Little Chute, young as I was, he employed me in teaching the common branches and the Catechism to a number of half-breed Canadians and Indians for over a year until I went to Wrightstown and engaged in farming. Here again at Father Van den Broek’s urgent request, in my leisure hours I taught the catechism to the Indians and half-breeds, of whom there was quite a settlement, and prepared them for first communion.

“Many a time I walked the paths along the Fox River from Little Chute to Grand Chute, and from Little Chute to Green Bay, from 1848 to 1855. I saw the noble river in its natural state. I can point out the exact spot of every log house (there were no frame houses then), and can point out many places once inhabited by pioneers but now no longer here, living

eight or twelve miles from Little Chute and notwithstanding were regular attendants every Sunday and Holyday not only at Mass but also at Vespers as well. Their names, it is true, were not emblazoned on marble or bronze, but the recording angel has inscribed them in the Book of Life. God knows the way of the Just.

"After his return from Holland to his old home in Little Chute, Father Van den Broek's once rugged constitution began to succumb to the effects of the hardships and privations he had to endure in his vast field of labor, when he was the only missionary in Wisconsin.

"It was therefore with great joy that he welcomed the young missionary Father Daems, who came from Holland to assist him. What particularly struck Father Daems when he first saw the venerable priest was his attire, even more so than the primitive appearance of his dwelling. On this occasion he wore a large straw hat, such as were made by the Canadian women, a red flannel shirt, and pantaloons that were supported by a belt, while one shoe and a moccasin formed the covering for his feet. Father Daems was often heard to speak of this occasion, expressing his unbounded admiration for the many saintly qualities of Father Van den Broek, knowing as he did the opulence of his family in the 'Old Land,' and realizing the sacrifices he made for religion and souls in this New Land of ours.

"When Father Daems came to America he was

accompanied by other Fathers of the Order of the Crusade Fathers; among these were Rev. Father Nuyts, Rev. W. De Jonge, and Rev. E. W. Verhoeff. They brought with them from the Old Country a set of Dalmatics.

"On All Saints Day in the year 1851, a solemn High Mass was to be celebrated for the first time in Little Chute. Father Van den Broek was to be the celebrant, and alas, was also a victim. After Mass while preaching on the beauty of heaven and the glory of the saints, he was stricken with apoplexy and dropped unconscious into the arms of Rev. Father Daems. He remained unconscious until the 5th, his birthday, when he died the death of the just. His burial took place on the 9th, the feast of his patron saint.

"Must we not rejoice at the death of this humble and saintly Missionary, called to his reward while girded with the armor of the Lord. His last earthly discourse upon the glories of the Blessed, was followed by the eternal Alleluias of Heaven. More than a year previous he had renounced all of his worldly possessions into the hands of his ecclesiastical superior, Rt. Rev. John Henni, Bishop of Milwaukee, and awaited the final call of his Maker, whom he had served so faithfully and well.

"Father Van den Broek's remains were buried in his own churchyard, where later the present stone church was erected. At the time of laying the foundation there was some doubt as to the exact location of his grave.



MEMORIAL TABLET TO FATHER VAN DEN BROEK
IN THE CHURCH AT LITTLE CHUTE

In 1894 Rev. Father Knegtel, the present pastor, had an excavation made under the church for heating apparatus. While the laborers were at work in the middle of the church in front of the sanctuary they came upon Father Van den Broek's grave—September 8th, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. In great excitement they ran in haste to inform the pastor. He returned with them to the spot and reverently removed the remains to one side. There can be no doubt as to the identity of the remains. He was the only priest buried there, and with the remains were found his beloved rosary, a wax chalice, pieces of stole, chasuble, etc.

Father Van den Broek's life was one of constant toil and privation. He was filled with a burning zeal to gain souls for Christ, and, as we have seen, he had to support himself and his beloved Indians by his own labor and income. He wished to make a living certain for any who might follow him in the ministry at Little Chute, and accordingly left a provision in his will to that effect.

At first his object was to found a monastery of his own Order in the wilds of Wisconsin, and for this purpose he acquired considerable land. No doubt he often saw in imagination, the white robed sons and daughters of St. Dominic enjoying the fruits of his nineteen years of privation and hardship. Failing in this wish of his heart he left his property to the Bishop.

He had every compassion with the poor and needy,

and was generous to a fault. An instance of this trait is recorded in the history of the Catholic Church in Wisconsin.

When the first settlers of New Franken were struggling to organize a parish and obtain a priest for Divine service, Father Rehrl, hearing of this new settlement, visited them and said Mass for the first time in a log house occupied by one of the families. He made the journey on foot carrying the vestments on his back. He showed the settlers, the necessity of providing the necessary requisites for Divine service, upon his next visit, as it was too wearisome for him to carry them along with him. The request, though in every way proper, implied a task of unusual difficulty as New Franken was at that time considered at the extreme limits of civilization (ten miles from Green Bay), and very far indeed from any place where such articles could be obtained. Fortunately for them, however, there was located at a settlement now known as Little Chute, a priest by the name of Van den Broek, who had but lately returned from Holland (in 1848) bringing with him a number of sacred utensils. Hearing of this the late Paul Fox, father of the present Bishop of Green Bay, accompanied by John Peter Schauer, called upon Father Van den Broek and made known the predicament in which they were placed. He responded by *presenting* them with two chasubles and some sacred vessels. At the present day a gift of two chasubles and sacred

vessels would be a most magnanimous donation, how much greater was it then in the year 1848.

This is only one instance of Father Van den Broek's magnanimity and generosity, but if the voices of those whom he assisted could rise from the tomb, they would number hundreds, if not thousands. Wisconsin, at least, owes his memory a debt of gratitude which can never be cancelled.



LITTLE CHUTE IN 1851

QUESTIONS.

1. Name some settlements made by the Dutch.
2. Where is Amsterdam? Why so named?
What is it noted for?
3. Where is Holland? For what is it remarkable? Who is the present sovereign of Holland?
4. Give a short sketch of Father Van den Broek's life.
5. Trace his journey from Amsterdam to Little Chute. What is the meaning of "Little Chute?"
6. What Indian tribes did Father Van den Broek find in Wisconsin and at Little Chute?
7. What is the meaning of the word Wisconsin?
8. What three towns sprang up about a year after Father Van den Broek arrived at Green Bay?
9. Are any of these a part of Green Bay now?
10. Describe Father Van den Broek's first church in Little Chute. Who built it?
11. What did he teach his Indians?
12. Relate how the Indians received Rt. Rev. Bishop LeFèvre on his visit to Little Chute in 1842.
13. What is Gregorian Chant? Why is it so called?
14. What did Father Van den Broek cause his Indians to do every Saturday evening?
15. In what religious Order is this a custom?
16. How many incidents of a miraculous nature are mentioned in these memoirs?
17. What is a miracle?

18. In what year was the cholera in Green Bay?
19. Who helped Father Van den Broek to bury those who died of the cholera?
20. Where are Father Van den Broek's remains?
21. Who was Father Mazzuchelli? Where is he buried?
22. Who was Bishop Fenwick? Relate the story of his death.
23. Who was Bishop Baraga? Give a short sketch of his life.
24. Where were Father Van den Broek's Indians removed to, and by whom?
25. Of what did Wisconsin form a part?
26. Who was the first Governor of the great Northwest?
27. How many states were formed out of the North West Territory? When was each admitted into the Union?
28. What was the famous Ordinance of 1787?
29. What do you know of Nicolas Perrot?
30. What rivers are mentioned in these memoirs? Locate them.
31. Describe an Indian. Draw a picture of a wigwam.
32. What is the meaning of Rapides des Pères?
33. What occurred there in 1693?
34. Who was the first Bishop of Wisconsin? When was he consecrated?
35. How many Bishops has Wisconsin now? Name them.

36. What is a Monstrance?
37. Where is the Monstrance mentioned in this book now kept? Why?
38. Relate the history of the St. Francis Mission. By whom and when was it founded?

NOTES.

"At St. Francis Xavier, Nicolas Perrot, first Governor of the great Northwest, made his headquarters. Perrot held his commission from LeFèbvre de la Barre, Governor of New France, and the power vested in



him was absolute. He was a shrewd intelligent man, a *courieur de bois* of the best type, trained by the Jesuits and a devoted servant of the Church. With the Indians he exhibited keen insight and compre-

hension. He trapped them in their own wily fashion, and confounded them with what they regarded as supernatural knowledge. It was at times desperately dangerous work, but during his administration, Perrot held successfully for New France the territory from Mackinack to the Mississippi River and gained the respect and confidence of his Indian Allies.”
—*Old Green Bay*.

“On the second day of December 1669, Claude Allouez, Priest of the Society of Jesus, landed at the extremity of Green Bay. He passed the winter in this vicinity, and when spring opened made a canoe trip up the Outagamie River, which took its name from the brave dominant tribe of Outagamies or Fox Indians. At a point just below the last dash of rapids, where the river foams over its rocky bed before it sweeps on its five mile course to the Bay, Père Allouez decided to erect his mission house.

“It was a central point from which to carry on the work of evangelization, for all along the Fox-Wisconsin waterways, and on the Bay shore, was massed a great aggregation of Indian humanity, Algonquins driven westward by their fierce enemies the Iroquois, to this safe retreat.

“In the summer of 1670, the mission house was built of rough bark, after the Indian mode of construction. This structure was superseded later by a more substantial one of timber with surrounding stockade.”
—*Old Green Bay*.

Most Rev. Edward D. Fenwick was born in St.

Mary's county, Maryland, in 1768; educated at the College of Bornheim in Belgium, and after ordination became a professor in the college. He was driven from Belgium by the French Revolutionists, and returned to America. Having become a Dominican in Belgium, and being desirous of founding a province of the order, he went to Kentucky in 1806, where he bought a farm and built the convent of St. Rose of Lima. He resigned the office of Provincial later, became a missionary in Ohio, and built the first church in Cincinnati in 1819. He was made bishop of Cincinnati in 1822. While returning from his apostolic journey through northwestern Michigan to his Episcopal See, he was overcome by the cholera and died at Wooster, Ohio, Sept. 26th, 1832. Bishop Baraga pays a noble tribute to his memory; he compares him to St. Francis de Sales, on account of his affable and saintly disposition. He says: "One cannot imagine a more humble, kind, pious and zealous Prelate than Bishop Fenwick."

The Rt. Rev. Frederic Baraga was born in Austria in 1797. His family was an old and highly respected one, and relatives of Marquettes' first bishop still reside in Treffen Castle, where he was born. He studied at the University of Vienna, and displayed great linguistic powers, as well as an exemplary piety. He was ordained Sept. 21, 1823, at Laibach. A burning zeal for the conversion of souls led him to the great missionary field in North America, among the Indians. After eight years of parish work, having obtained his

exeat from the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Laibach, he was admitted into the diocese of Cincinnati, where he arrived, Jan. 18, 1831. He remained at Cincinnati seminary long enough to learn the rudiments of the languages he must use in his new field of labor.

He began his labors at Arbre Croche (now Harbor Springs) in the lower peninsula of Michigan. The mission became the rallying point of the Ottawas for many miles around. In thirty months he had mastered the Ottawa and Chippewa languages. He published an Otchipwe grammar in 1850, a dictionary in 1853, both reprinted in Canada in 1878, and prayer books in Ottawa and Chippewa in 1832, 1837, 1842 and 1846; a Life of Christ in Chippewa in 1837; Bible Extracts, Catholic Christian Meditations in Chippewa in 1850, and even issued pastoral letters in Chippewa. He also wrote several works in the Slav and German languages. He was consecrated Bishop of Marquette, Michigan in 1853. After a lingering illness of over a year, this saintly prelate died the death of the just, Jan. 19, 1868.—*Verwyst*.

Rt. Rev. Peter Paul Lefèvre, was born at Roulers, in the diocese of Bruges, April 30, 1804. After a classical course in his own Belgian province of West Flanders he studied theology at Paris, and came to the United States in 1828 and was ordained by Bishop Rosati at St. Louis in 1831. For nine years he labored in the northern part of Missouri and built several churches. In 1840 he attended the Fourth Provincial Council at Baltimore as theologian of the Bishop of

Vincennes, and subsequently visited Europe to appeal for aid for the missions. He was consecrated coadjutor to Bishop Résé of Detroit by Bishop Kenrick in Philadelphia, November 21, 1841.

Bishop Lefèvre was anxious to establish in Europe a seminary that would train candidates for the American mission. The project was not generally supported, but he persevered, and with the aid of the great Bishop Spaulding, of Louisville, was able to see his plan carried into operation by the establishment of the American College at Louvain, which has furnished so many excellent priests. After taking part in the consecration of Bishop Mrak, February 7, 1869, Dr. Lefèvre was taken sick, and died on the 4th of March. During his long and able direction of the church in Michigan, Catholicity had grown rapidly in the southern peninsula, so that he left eighty churches with eighty-eight priests in place of the twenty churches and seventeen priests that he found on his arrival.—*J. G. Shea.*

John Martin Henni, was born in Obersaxen, in the Swiss canton of the Grisons in the year 1805. After studying at St. Gall and Luzerne he proceeded to Rome to complete his theological studies; there he and another young Swiss, Martin Kundig, moved by the appeal of Bishop Fenwick, of Cincinnati, for priests to aid him, volunteered to join his diocese. They arrived in Baltimore in 1829, and, completing their theology in the seminary at Bardstown, were ordained by Bishop Fenwick, February 2, 1829. The Rev. Mr.

Henni took charge of the Germans in Cincinnati, and also taught philosophy in the Athenaeum. His next field of labor was in northern Ohio, extending from Canton to Lake Erie. Bishop Purcell recalled him to Cincinnati in 1834 and made him vicar-general, and pastor of Holy Trinity. He established in 1837, the *Wahrheits Freund*, the first German Catholic paper in the United States. He was appointed Bishop of Milwaukee in 1844, and consecrated March 19 the same year by Archbishop Purcell, assisted by Bishops Miles and O'Connor. The diocese of Milwaukee was just the field for his zeal. The only church in his episcopal city was a frame building thirty feet by forty in size. Indeed Mass had been said for the first time in Milwaukee only seven years before in the house of Solomon Juneau. A stone church had been begun at Prairie du Chien, but the few other churches in the diocese were log structures, and the Catholics, estimated at from eight to ten thousand, had only five priests to attend them. Bishop Henni found his old friend, Rev. Mr. Kundig at Milwaukee. In the same year of his arrival he opened a little theological seminary under the direction of Rev. Michael Heiss and Dr. Joseph Salzmann. In 1855, he laid the corner stone of the Salesianum. In 1875, he was created archbishop, giving him as suffragans, the bishops of Green Bay, La Crosse, Marquette and St. Paul.

On the 14th of March, 1880, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Heiss was made coadjutor and relieved Archbishop Henni of much of the care of the administration. The aged

archbishop soon became too weak to perform any official act, though he retained all his faculties. He died on the 7th of September, 1881, at half-past eleven, having received the sacraments in full possession of his senses.—*J. G. Shea.*

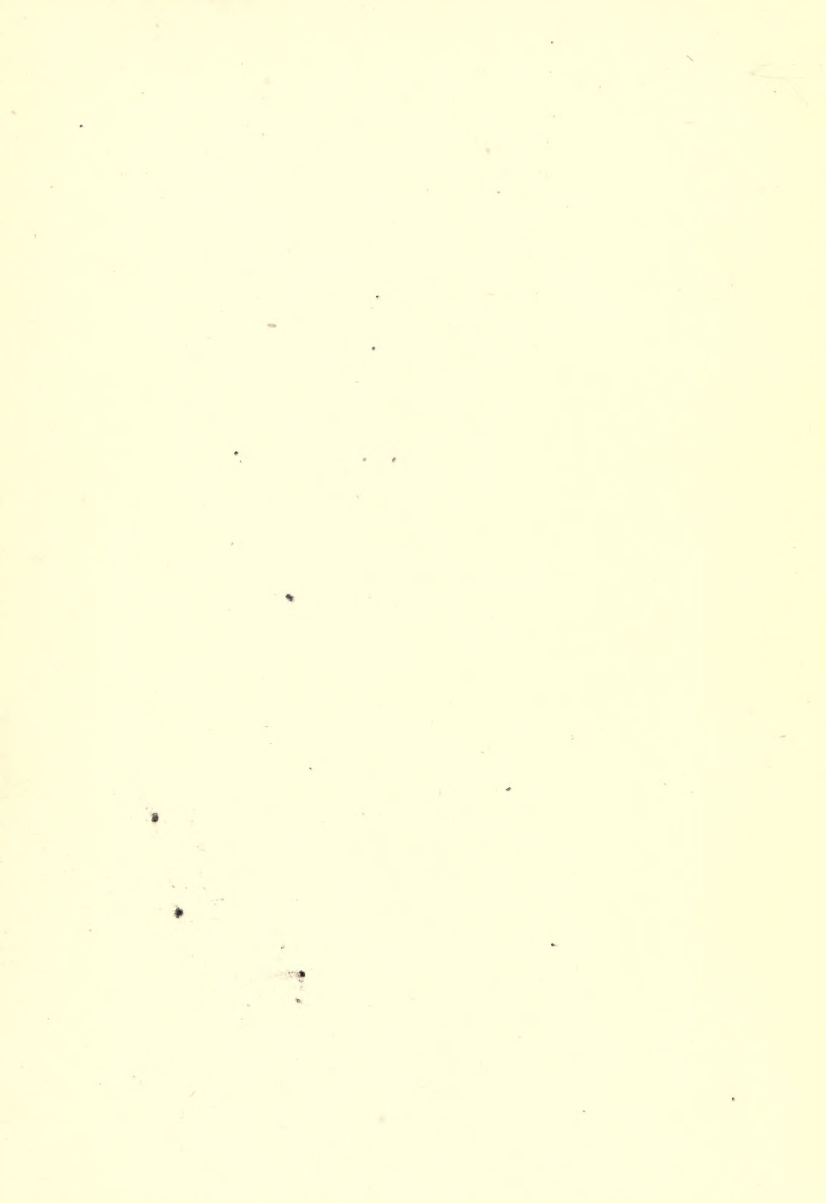
Rev. Samuel C. Mazzuchelli, O. P., was born in Milan, Italy, November 4, 1806. He received the Dominican habit in 1823, taking the name of Brother Augustine, and made his solemn profession as a Dominican religious at Faenza, December 6, 1824. He was then sent to Santa Sabina, the Dominican Monastery in Rome to continue his studies. Here came also Rt. Rev. E. Fenwick, O. P., seeking laborers for the great Northwest, and becoming interested in Brother Augustine, begged the Master General to permit the zealous young man to become a missionary in the Diocese of Cincinnati. Permission was granted and he arrived in America November 14, 1828. In September, 1830, he was ordained in Cincinnati by Rt. Rev. E. Fenwick. In October of the same year, the Bishop sent him as a missionary to the Island of Mackinac, Michigan. From there at stated times he travelled to the missions of Green Bay and Prairie du Chien.

In 1836, his field of labor was changed to the western part of the territory of Wisconsin. In 1843 he visited his native city, Milan, and the next year returned to the United States with funds which enabled him to purchase the Sinsiniwa property.

Here he established in 1845, with permission of the

Holy See, a Dominican missionary house and college; in 1849 this property was transferred to the Dominican Fathers of St. Rose, Kentucky, and Father Mazzuchelli again took up missionary work at Benton, New Dig-gins, and neighboring towns, besides teaching in St. Clara's Academy, which he had founded.

On February 16, 1865, while returning from a sick call he was taken with a chill which developed into pleuro pneumonia; on the morning of the 23d he departed with joy to his heavenly home.—*Golden Bells in Convent Towers*



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